

FISHER & BROTHER'S UNIVERSAL COLORED TOYS.—24 KINDS.

Grandpa's Forget-Me-Not.



FISHER & BROTHER,

PHILADELPHIA: No. 12 N. Sixth St.

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ELVAH KARSHNER

Samuel Nelson Lerans

Book

is lent from his
grandmother

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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MY DEAR GRANDFATHER.

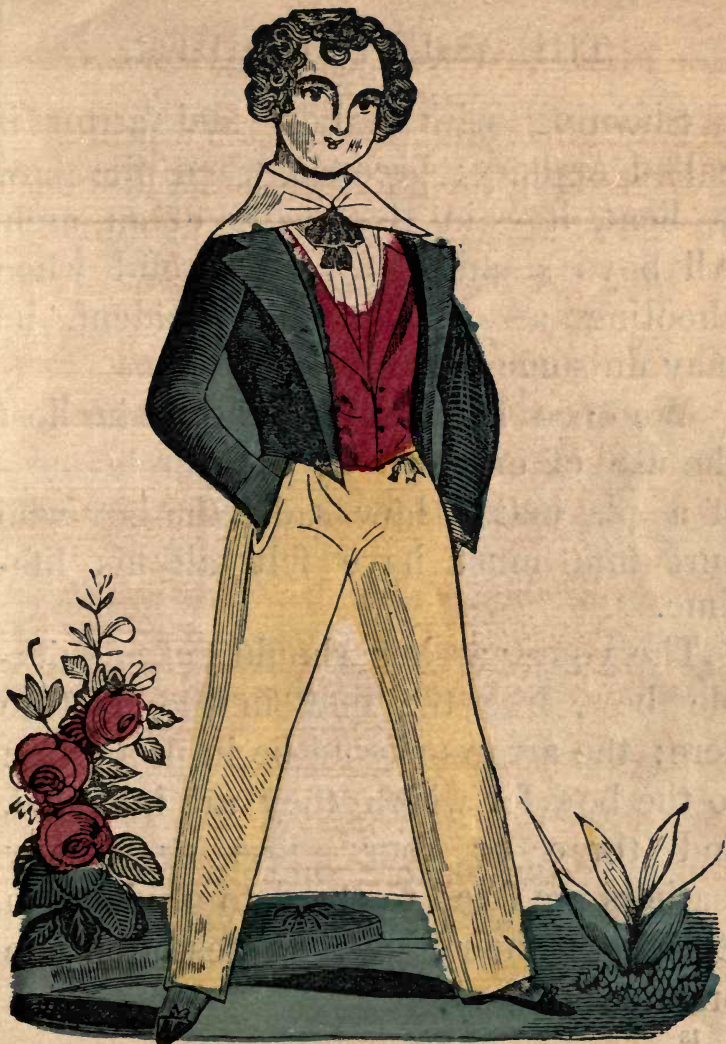
THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

Behold him stand, his mother's pride,
Dressed in the garb that suits him best,
For fain that gallant boy would ride,
Upon the heavy ocean's breast.

He fain would scale the lofty mast,
Or save the seaman from the wreck,
Or 'mid the fury of the blast,
Would keep his fearless watch on deck.

Some future day that arm may tear
The freeman's colors from the shroud,
Although his dauntless breast may wear,
Those scars of which the brave are
proud.

But little knows that youthful one,
What scenes for him are yet in store,
For his career is just begun,
And sullen fate reveals no more.



THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

THE YOUNG ARCHER.

Shooting with a bow and arrow is called archery; because when the bow is bent, it is in the shape of an arch. All boys should be very careful when shooting arrows, lest by accident, he may do some damage.

We once knew a little boy who lost the use of one eye by the carelessness of a playmate; how sadly the boy who hurt him must have felt all his lifetime.

The young archer should get a suitable bow, like the one in the picture here: the arrows should be in proportion to the bow for which they are intended, and three or four goose or turkey feathers are fixed to them, to guide them straight in their flight. Ladies oftentimes practice archery.



THE YOUNG ARCHER.

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE.

In vain the little captive tries,
To force his prison and be free,
No hope for him until he dies,
In vain he dreams of liberty.

Once he could range the meadows wide,
Or tune his song in yonder wood,
Or speed his wing on airy tide,
And seek some fav'rite solitude.

Now, time for him no succour brings,
His fav'rite haunts he'll see no more;
And while in wiry cage he sings,
His misery he must deplore.

Ah! good lad, stretch forth thy hand,
And set the little captive free—
Perhaps that in some savage land,
A friend may do as much for thee.



THE LITTLE CAPTIVE.

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

Here, for the infant minds, fair spring,
Blossoms of bright truth we bring,
Seeds of virtue there to sow,
Ere a single weed can grow.

Here may you learn how sweet the bliss,
To worship nature's loveliness,
Escaping through her flow'ry charm,
Each thought or wish to do a harm.

For when the tender buds of truth,
Expand within the minds of youth,
They cast a bloom around the heart
That will not but with life depart.

Then take these tender blossoms rare,
Preserve their sweets with gentle care,
And ev'ry day thro' life you'll find
New flowers blooming in your mind.

ALPHABET CARD.

A	B	C	D	E	F
G	H	I	J	K	L
M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X
		Y	Z		

FIGURES.

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